**After the Dead.**
**1**

**Are my dreams of the dead**
**dreams of purgatory**
**battered, wounded as they are ?**

**Where i live now!**

**The mad struggle of the dead**
**in the vacuous corridors of time.**

**They don't return, except as myths**
**to reinvent time.**

**Our time of broken dreams.**

**'creatures of tradition moulding a nature**
**that weeps not for us for the wounds**
**it heals, impervious**
**after it nurtured us  into existence'**

**Blind Tiresias had warned.**

**As if we had a choice in this paradox**
**as if we could escape**
**the blunder which created us -**

**The cosmic joke, where time**
**will destroy even the world**
**for time to be reborn**

**In this dream world, where i**
**only seem to wake**
**to this small dance of words**
**a dance of phantoms with their shadows**
**where this poem shapes its becoming.**

**A Pet of your Own.**
**2**

**Stray dog on the straw wind -**
***Heaven, earth are ruthless***

**Yelp, yelp -**
**Where's your tag, tab, chip!**
**You're not even an exile**
**You're banned**
**Perhaps you'll get rabies, infect us.**

**This is my seat, my place, my corner**
**I'm here, I've got my coat, bag**
**Next, see, when you get on**
**I'm next to the window.**

**Get back to your kennel, with a number on.**
**Running loose.**
**So we know where you are.**
**Maybe someone will leash you in.**
**Leash you from the lash.**
**Going to make it to the hill!**
**Borders are patrolled here.**

**A few chickens in the backyards**
**On the way.**
**No way.**
**Our helicopter's sniper will take you out**
**Kill, kill, kill.**

**Poor thing, looks about all in**
**What a shame, that beggar**
**Down the road looks as if he'd eat it.**
**I wouldn't be surprised**
**Poor thing.**

**What, sit here?**
**The bus is full?**
**Really, Oh well, if you must**
**You must.**
**Mutter, utter, (my space) ((so small)).**

**Here we are, at least, aren't we?**
**Pets?**
**But a stray's a stray.**
**It's raining cats & dogs.**

**Straw dog on the stray wind.**

***& treats the myriad creatures as straw dogs.***

**Bloodshed.**
**3**

**Lord of the Apes, O priviliged primate.**
**We eat the flesh from the bones of our dead**
**Our world of Moloch is bound in the bloodshed**
**We've created, to drown in afterwards.**

**Formed from our many forked tongues**
**(Ephemeral approximate translation)**
**Initial conditions defy prediction**
**More money creates a dynamic meme.**

**We eat the flesh from the bones of our dead**
**Those who we've killed are the ghosts who serve it.**
**Our knowledge gathered in bloody bits**
**Hands that forged fire, language, in bloodshed.**

**Still infinity remains unforeseen**
**Our knowledge born from its oblivion.**

**Dream of Uroborus.**
**4**

**The deluge will come**
**warm waters will lap at your home**
**the plague will increase**
**we creatures will perish.**

**The meiotic dance**
**our specie**
**biophylia in eros**
**after post estrus**
**perhaps on another day**
**it's androgynous.**

**Trans-genderey**
**at the end of the century**
**a new human womb**

**or will we start it all over again.**

**Talking heads loom**
**expert in this**
**authority on that**
**last word**
**then fit into the screen**
**focus the information**
**take it down**
**you are now one of them.**

**The crowd is full of strays**
**being sent home**
**embedded in the grain.**

**& all stories are the same**
**swallowing themselves like Uroborus**
**who in its own dream disappears**
**only to appear again.**

**The killing machine kills more animals a day**
**for consumption**
**than ipso facto, we in a year's killing fields.**

**God made in our image, the anonymous**
**crowd, knotted**
**through with confections washed up on**
**our coast of humanity, which windows**
**onto a Zoo.**

**Life thrives on deception. A moral mind.**

**An infallible judgement, where everyone**
**is dead**
**every tomb unearthed, then resealed.**

**Animal, human remains heaped in fields**
**as tipped**
**dumps, where even the horizon's clouds**
**are vapid incineration. A house of cards**
**crumbling, falling**
**into one another, into the pit that blots us out.**

**Morning Blues.** **6**

**What is it, the wake from sleep?**
**The curtain rises**
**a crowd of events jostle**
**in the theatre of the mind**
**with voice overs from the wings.**

**Which one will speak next**
**the play is yet a flux**
**sometimes the performer**
**sometimes the spectator**
**but the drama, its fate is inexorable.**

**From now on, together with creation**
**that monster of eternity, infinity**
**closed, open, within, without**
**beginning, end & its disease called life**
**that offers only in its final futility – death.**

**Eternalism. (Power in the Block Universe)**

**People, pictures, patterns stacked**
**in this traffic block of time**
**– its progress**

**The tyranny history –**

**Time its mind, its landscape**
**that money buys, sells as properties**

**Properties that mind can never know.**

**Here, now in time's traffic jam**
**where all landscapes blend**
**fold their sonority**
**into the silences of spaces**
**in unleashed fatality.**

**Slick.**
**8**

***Freedom's just another word for nothing left to***
***Lose*, in a maze of crazy mirrors, where love**
**Has blown away leaving only pain. *I leave***
***You now – a stranger to the night* - to play your part.**

**The role that you're bred for, a fit nice and slick**
**Like a clean cut brick into the social pyramid.**
**We've left evolution long ago to do its thing**
**We're in a make or break scene, son of man, son**

**Of a gun and the planet bleeds and the planet**
**Breathes and the planet dies, just like you do.**
**In the flow, flow of water, flow of time, flow**
**Of your dreams, or so it seems, until you wake**

**To find how few *the grains of golden sand slip***
***Through your hand to the deep*, where there is no flow**
**Of water and time, only money and the clock.**
**The controlled tick tock in your rat's race of time**

***And your gun crying like a fire in the sun***
***Where are you going to run to*, when all is**
**Said and done, *all on that day*? And you tell me**
**Of your prayer through your whispering stare.**

**We who have been closed to life since we began.**
**Our heritage like a runaway hearse – O human**
**You will rise to touch the skies but you will leave**
**All other creatures behind. You will become blind**

**To your own mind in the infinite setting sun**
**Where you were always at war between the thought**
**Of night and day. For you *homo homunculus***
**Are not an *exceptional monster*, but you do not**

**Live with your own limitations, because you do not**

**Understand them, as what you are are. And so**
**We chase our lust amidst the stars,  an existence**
**In an empty mirror & *fear in a handful of dust.***

## World at Large 9

**On the edge**
**a universe unfolds**

**unknowingly**
**its unpredictable transformation**

**and we, who yet**
**feel free through our artifacts**

**our ancestors**
**before they became**

**one per cent now**
**of species that remain**

**time is neither myth**
**nor emmotion**

**where animals roam**

**Our artifice falls**
**to be substituted**
**by a machine**
**of our own creation**

**all that's left to evolution**
**is its deception**

**as we follow**
**our shadows over the hill.**

**Bonfire Night with Ann Sexton.**
**10**

**He snoozing in an armchair still holding**
**Transformations, Brothers Grimm**

**when bonfires rain on the windows**
**rockets from the moon**
**steal the stars, fragment as flowers**
**the hills go bang – suddenly it's spring**
**birds whistle by**

**a hairy ball rolls down, enters through the wall**

**winks at him, on the floor**
**where gargoyles swim**

**as he's hauled by his umbilical cord**
**to outer space, aboard the good ship Venus**

**where in egglike embryonic plasmic capsule**
**he sees a woman's face gazing in.**

**Cathedral city.** **11**

**And seized the sudden primate brain**
**plunged it into never waking obsession.**

**Today amidst the shambling shadows**
**the meaty pastiche, the murky depths of our children's**
**children with their emblazoned banners.**

**Copies of a faded vain glory freedom**
**buried blood beneath a soaked & soggy green**
**that will once again spring into radiant sheen.**

**Cartoon Molecules.**
**12**

**Tweedle Dum & Tweedle Dee. "What makes us human?"**

**Ditto - What does not add up**
**what does not minus down.**

**Ditto - We know not what we do**
**that's what makes a story.**

**Ditto - Communications are a can of worms**
**so sayeth the decree of the fates.**

**Ditto - Time's a gulping mocker.**

**Ditto - Entelechy is the dream of becoming**
**in a kick ass belonging.**

**Ditto - Art arises out of our ignorance of materia**
**dreaming us into existence.**

**Ditto - A necessary illusion to dream ourself into existence.**

**In the eye of the window**
**a hegemony of human symmetry invades a once wilderness**
**a chaos becomes, cartoon molecules.**

**One Eye Blue, One Eye Brown.**
**13**

**I once said – walkabout – walk without a map.**

**I used to think – slanting maps the split.**

**Now i walk with one eye blue, one eye brown.**

**I roamed night, played hide, seek with the moon**
**but she has stolen my heart, now I must revere**
**her through a window, alone.**

**Our fatal flaw, the planet disdains us.**

**We are alone; though we accept no Deus ex Machina**
**can heal our green planet, still our blue planet**
**on the screen of our brain, has birthed us in pain**
**where we can now compute all, but our dream.**

**Animal, plant, planet make their own medication -**
**as natural, as freedom**
**a knowledge, which we cannot touch, but which touches us.**

**Let me write this with the mind of the planet, as if i**
**thought best with it, with its pen, which we grope with**
**in our hands in a dream from which we never wake.**

**Its mirage, an oasis on an asymptotic**

**horizon.**

**O Coriolanus**
**15**

**Chipping furiously away the dross**
**the image does not emerge from the block.**

**You should know**

**Power corrupts**
**Power betrays**
**Life deceives.**

**Time pursues its relentless pursuit.**

**Down in the supermarket the digital music machine chirps out - intermittently**

**“Can't buy me love”**

**The security guard whistling joins in, inflation is on, he's a hired hand.**

**O Coriolanus**

**it's your father's ghost**
**it's your mother's voice**

**pure poison.**

**Outrageous Fortune.** **16**

**What is the good life? To be free or not to be**
**to hold within your hand**
**a grain of sand**
**to therein see, the desert unleashed**
**into eternal night.**

**Only the wind.**

**To sleep, nevermore, to only dream**
**the dream within a dream**
**dreamer, dream are one.**

**What then is the good life, but to become**
**to let time flee**
**creatures at play with the day -**
**to rape the land, in outrageous fortune!**

**Observation of the primate**
**– horses are better than men.**

**She writes across an ultra violet blue sky**
**on white paper.**

**Art is to disobey unnatural limits.**

**One more for the Road.**
**19**

**Lemon juice, ganoderma tea, avocado**
**breakfast on my 70th birthday.**

**A chill blue morn, mid winter**
**at the bus stop half whistling broken melodies**
**I know not whence they came.**

**The woman opposite, street cleaner**
**with her new blow tool, scatters leaves**
**hither, thither.**

**Mid morn, Plaza Espana**
**Red wine**
**Pigeons - Likewise.**

**She seems so without consequence**
**the goddesses at the fountain**
**pouring her vases of water, Nudo.**

**A demi urge breeze lumbers into twilight**
**where night's shapes that struggled**
**with the day, feint fey.**

**Heaven, Hell, Home.**
**20**

**She races headlong through death traffic**
**action of the invincible – through the Metro**
**against all odds.**

**She rules the waves.**

**Over the power of the planet**
**what is evil in life, triumphs in dream**
**the impossible is achieved, escape**
**doom**

**whilst we endure our bloody turmoil**
**at home.**

**Meanwhile back at the ranch**
**power runs amok amidst the herd**
**stampede.**

**She runs before, to the precipice**
**will she dive into the seething torrent below**
**or halt them with her jewel look**
**where they stand, belch, snort**
**hang their great necks in shame**
**peace.**

**To play the day is the game of power - false hope**
**the war of angels & demons in heaven & hell.**

**Hatch.**
**21**

**So there it was on my doorstep**

**black rubber mat**

**a half broken bird's egg shell**
**white.**

**I stop – is this birthed death**
**or surfaces?**

**Because it's so frail, as i toe this remnant**
**into the street trash**

**like the surface of the hag's face**
**looking at me from across the street**
**twisted in its life of**

**birthed death**
**in the litter**
**white, frail**
**the surface of things**

**the form of it, becomes**
**as we are, briefly born strangers**
**to the ends of our stories**

**fragments of a shell**
**return as words**
**manipulations of the marionette**
**in the constant search our dream demands.**

**What i say is**
**that from a nihilistic perspective**
**i'm trying to write non anthropocentric poetry.**

**But in the end**
**because we all, always, get it wrong**
**any well written poetry just is –**

**All day long, that's a laugh**
**i've been wrestling with this paradox**
**of human condition!**

**It's**
**so**
**puzzling.**

**Am i**
**shutting my ears**
**i mean like the proverbial**
**Ostrich.**

**I dunno.**

**But i don't want to be committed**
**even before the dice are rolled**
**to we never stood a chance**
**we're a tragedy**
**if we weren't such a terrible joke.**

**So pull something out of the bag**
**not that i belong anywhere**
**i can't write an embedded environmental song**
**on nature's way**
**in all her mysteries sitting in the chair**
**where i always sit.**

**Because life's made me homeless**
**a prophet without a land**
**i've learned**
**the moon is miraculous**
**that we seem to match**
**each other's inconstancy**

**&**

**words might have been our downfall**
**perhaps from now on**
**we should just go it with the signs!**

**Least Assuages.**
**23**

**Enough no more, 'tis not as sweet as before**
**the vine has poisoned into bitterness**
**the simple madness of John Clare, the poor**
**all the fears of all the years**
**come home to roost, the lads who went to war**
**said the Joker kindly to King Lear**
**slain the Jabberwocky roars no more**
**sings Suibhne sweetly from treetops clear**
**so soft ye now Nymph of thy Orison**
**John Clare the poor, knew he was Lord Byron.**

**Ann Boleyn.**
**24**

**That I should know you sorrow**
**blame not my lute**
**now this is the moon´s morrow.**

**Now that I am smitten**
**my heart´s love stolen**
**nor kiss of mine so fallen**
**the gloam's glamour gone.**

**Blame not my lute**

**That still to the moon strings song**
**to all his loves who´ve flown**
**& plays to the moon alone**
**blame not my lute.**

*CXV Devonshire Manuscript.*

**Swinery.** **25**

**In the photos you came out looking**
**like the ghost of a medieval swineherd**
**me, like a leper, ghoulish.**

**In this restored medieval misery**
**with stuffed straw Jake asleep**
**beside the sow's pen, whose litter**
**will keep them through the winter.**

**Here in the mud and the rain,**
**The pig in its sty's at hame.**

**Hoods.** **26**

**Host to a ghost father, who was host to his**
**the hoods have returned**
**without dignitaries in shadowy strands.**

**Thin bands, like the oneness of ant waves**
**or piranhas with the broken doll faces**
**that hoods to youth betray, batch by batch.**

**In anticipation of what? a nuclear age?**
**nod, nod, the ghost is dead, sweep on**
**let’s see how hoods do with global warming.**

**Untitled.** **27**

**War came to my village today**
**as the children romped in the hay**
**as ignorant of its existence**
**as of the world beyond the ramparts**
**of my ploughed fields.**

**They invaded from the skyline**
**which has always laid siege**
**at this door of toil, strife**
**swarming  down with sword, flame.**

**Angered by the fear in my children’s eyes**
**i bow before my new conquerors**
**where they thirst on this sparse land**
**after the sweat, heat of battle, they pillaged**
**what they could, left some dead, went on.**

**My son takes the plough scanning the skyline**
**which is never true but for its dawn riders**
**swooping down with banners of sword & flame.**

**"Saturn devours his children"**
**28**

**The hypocritical repression of pleasure.**

**At last accursed old man**
**Time, Death will triumph over you**
**the swallows of spring will triumph over you**

**You who sought only your solitude**
**will encounter it within the green smoke of ruins.**

**Accursed father who sends to death**
**the hope of that, which could have been, that never will**
**so, I must kill you, so you may not kindle that hope again**
**must make you taste the bitterness you served**
**within the gentle waves of sweet embrace.**

**& though the prophecy will never be fulfilled**
**let us now repose my ill fated old man**
**beneath a moon who will suck up your blood.**

***After Leopoldo Maria Panuelo***

**What it is like Suibhne.**
**29**

**whatever you are**
**it is whatever**
**the raw day bled**
**shed**

**what it is like**
**eyes without sight**
**to stare out night**
**blight**

**yet you rise again**
**to tremble with dawn**
**shock in your brain**
**remain**

**with no answer given**
**from a silent heaven**
**but only the known**
**alone**

**all that you are**
**or ever will be**
**you try to free**

**giddily**

**more than a word**
**more than the world**
**your mind hurled**
**bird**

**on wing to soar**
**a hole in sky**
**never to die**
**fly.**

**Stateside Brothel.**
**30**

**She´s sat down at the large couch end**
**in the room is a grand piano bed**
**there´s a menu**
**husband sent her because even on viagra**
**he cant get it on with her, she says**
**thought i needed something**
**didn´t like it was with another man**
**so he sent me over to you, i´m sixty one.**

**Well now, you look as nice as pie, to me´**
**i bet i do, she says**
**an there´s all sorts of things we can do´**
**is that right, she says**
**aint never been with another woman afore**
**two hours later, traipsed in her fineries**
**her eyes curious like a caged bird...**

**Under the Volcano.**
**31**

**At gallows crossroads a ghost accompanies a ghost to its home.**
**A creaking tavern sign swings to, fro in the rainy mist.**
**When the light is on the rabbit does it know death´s near it´s neck!**
**Daybreak binds an interrupted interval into memory.**
**The hand is worn that holds a lifeless form surrendered to dawn.**
**In the rain still uncertain which way to go dawn is creaking.**
**Bounded in the frame the home ghost swings to, fro in the rain.**
**The other goes off into Picaresque scenario.**

**Bucolic landscape, gaunt on the skyline, lean, hungry, mean.**
**The valley people exclaim he has gone to the volcano.**
**The world spirals into a twin, the tavern sign grins, dawn creaks.**
**To, fro under the volcano, the people come, go.**
**A phantom on the summit without a conjuring trick, *lo***
***what will he do, but out of the volcano give them his shoe.***

**Flaubert.** **32**

**A known killer crocodile**
**Flaubert strikes fear**
**into the hearts of the villagers.**

**Because its immense size**
**having eaten many people**
**hunters want to catch it alive.**

**Seventy two metallic pieces comprise the puzzle**
**a trap cage that will catch the beast**
**which only a few have seen.**

**It is said tufts of grass grow from its head**
**hunters search the mud banks of the vast**
**delta, into the heart of darkness, junkies**

**search between bamboo slime**
**where concealed as a mud bank they find it -**
**a necklace of terrible teeth in the clay.**

**A flat plain, empty as the night**
**a hole that holds you in its sight, maws**
**that tear flesh of even Hippopotamus.**

**It appears to be more than 100**
**but teeth reckon it 60**

**still growing.**

**A cow's head is placed inside the trap**
**but Flaubert does not take the bait**
**a white spot beads the infra red night.**

**Flaubert´s eye that nightly visits**
**the villagers say he´s a familiar under the spell**
**of an evil person, which must be broken.**

**In the midst of their efforts meanwhile**
**Flaubert strikes again; yet another**
**human is rent limb from limb.**

**The hunters' plan is not working**
**they must find a new technology to capture**
**this exceptional creature before it strikes again.**

**Flaubert is sighted holding up on a high delta**
**plain where nothing escapes it's watchful eye**
**below they struggle to set up hydraulic cable traps.**

**This time they use live bait, a goat**
**but Flaubert is never fooled, the hunters**
**are baffled as the waiting continues.**

**Flaubert springs the trap, snatches the goat**
**the hunters' time has run out, Flaubert disappears**
**into delta slime & the villagers wait.**

**Night of the Ornithicarus.**
**34**

**Weak from hunger, he cannot rest upon the sea, as eerie monsters lurk beneath the waves.**

**But a yet deadlier enemy lies in wait upon the shore, who saves its energy for later, where the Ornithicarus will think it sits free, safe upon a rock.**

**Above a small blue bird sits, who can turn its arms into wings, to whom one day the Ornithicarus will surrender the skies.**

**Exhausted by his fourteen thousand kilometre flight, he reaches the mating ground, usurped, outcast, in the blistering heat, the midday females in the shade are unmoved.**

**He will become food for the next generation, in the evening sun, where peck the Ornthicarian young, in the dark forests of the South Pole.**

**Stray.**

**35**

**The door heavily overcoated in blue paint opens onto a small brown room, stacked dog bowls litter trays, assorted collar bells, dry smells, a brown counter with mugs of tea.**

**Uniforms are blue, the electricity about 60 watts, then there's the concrete yard with its labyrinth of fenced cages, cacophony of dogs**

**On route to the cattery, up stone stairs, another blue door into a long thin corridor with windows exhibiting inmates lovingly inoculated, neutered, micro chipped.**

**Plaintiff mews, beseeching eyes plead take me away, to run the RSPCA, costs a thousand pounds a day, they say.**

**Kitties are already booked for donations, beat up old toms have seen hard times, the card says he´s a bonny boy, who enjoys a cuddle, sometimes, if in the mood, the british are mad over their pets.**

**On the bus greenery flashes by, there´s a lot of it for over populated Merry England. She´s already gone, white female angora aged seven collected via donation yesterday for fifty quid in less than an hour out through the kitchen window, into the woods.**

**The RSPCA say, she´s a stray, you have to pay, but don´t give up hope.**

**Human beings are supposed to think about sex every six seconds, it is a statistic.**

**People volunteer in vast numbers all across the globe to be photographed naked, to make the city naked, sprawling on embankments, parks, squares, bridges, monuments.**

**Sheer nakedness through a lens, count down to six, flesh binding scenery flashing by, white fur, pink eyes between the spaces of leaves peeping on the naked city, at seven all good children go to heaven.**

**In the greenery she lays white, hidden, frozen, where stray clouds vaporise her out there, lift her like the naked city of sprawled flesh lifted & vaporised.**

**Twilight Zone.** **36**

**They seem so elegant
in their gowns, women
on the fringes of town.**

**Coming down, silhouettes
visiting before night falls
the market’s toil.**

**Never apart they blend
their disappearance
with their seclusion.**

**&  prayers for ants**
**in their thousand tribulations**
**beneath the sun.**

**For the Record.**
**37**

**Keeping chaos at bay**
**before the deluge of history**
**i take photos of the world – for the record.**

**Because my words, should defy the world**
**a world, so long overwritten, as it has**
**so long defined the limits of the word.**

**Even after the word has faded**
**together with the photograph, background**

**foreground, everywhere going nowhere.**

**The only escape for the bonded word**
**its chains of freedom – no wonder**
**our ghosts rattle them**
**turn up with our heads on platters!**

## Moss 38

**The pointed leg beneath the skirt**
**assume the moss between**
**the engine creak, crank, groan**
**i should be so free**
**to be alone, tell my gene**
**go jump in the sea.**

**Carbon Man**
**39**

**Timeless mother, he let you**
**be, because**
**the carbon man you built from your beautiful daughters**
**let you cheat your cheat – but now**
**under the chaos of the old sun**
**he cannot more mirror in your single eye.**

**Timeless mother in the hall**
**with your gallery on the wall**
**where the wind blows never more.**

**Not even your moonlight with the bright stars**
**turning the waters of life onto the sky**
**where you hold the weaver's thread – who**
**let the womb, who let the tomb.**

**Carbon man in a black hole**
**which way will the dice roll**
**through the knotty way**
**for maybe another soul?**

**Your carbon man is snow, mere ice, fire**
**shadow, mere voice, echo, mere life, where**
**another planet looks down upon its causalities**
**its accidents, its fates, untouched**
**by such monstrous profusion with its sad angels.**

**Serial Minimals.**
**40**

**A whisky sodden**
**Sioux under the prairie sun**
**sombrero to nose**
**amidst the sky's buried dead**
**tells ghosts their tribes are no more.**

**Behold in your air**
**the majesty of nature**
**which you cannot share**
**not even with her**
**who, like you, will disappear.**

*

**Sombrero shadows**
**householders peddle their wares**
**in winding alleys**
**market stall taxes**
**rise, as well as wages, opposite**
**in the Municipal.**

**Running with the pack**
**hoards of cars collect**
**at the swimming pool**
**flesh on green**
**around a splash of blue**
**drinking sugar.**

*

**A white field buzzard**
**picks a fly from a mule's eye.**

**{ a bit done } { a day done}**

**In the noonday sun**
**backs turn in a void**
**only the shovels grind.**

**Costa de la playa**
**white beehives in the sun**
**all money, no honey.**

*



**Cat on a window sill**
**transfixed where birds on a cable**
**hop beyond its pounce.**

**Dancing on air**
**legless swallows**
**migrate baggageless.**

**Two cats growl, superposition**
**instant entanglement**
**a window escape, hot in pursuit.**

*

**Tremulous poplars**
**black winter’s bitter wind**
**mad violinists.**

**Black hounds chase black crows**
**the moon pales silver rice paddies**
**commotion in the silent fictions.**

**The worm slides softly**
**in the soil's fleshly darkness**
**until daybreak's beak.**

*

**A monk in beggar's rags**
**meticulously copies**
**in ink word for word**
**in order not to forget**

**as our feet tread over him**

**a zig zag traces a jingle jangle**
**strawberry fair day**
**doodles forever chained**
**race across the fences...**

**Hunters.** **42**

**Gunshots in the wood, our territorial**
**hegemony insures the daily massacre**
**as guardians of the planet.**

**Gradients make space for canopies**
**a  knotted twist of gnarled tree assumes**
**an anguished scream, the floor of the planet walks**

**& we talk about life, our intentional propositions**
**leaning into the wind over the page of the world.**

**Commotion in our Silent Fictions.**
**43**

**A voice that once sounded in its word, now as wind**

**as nonchalantly we tread over its tomb echo steps**
**that fade only to conjure**
**as if, ourselves to reappear**

**in costume parts, a familiarity that seems**
**to haunt a morrow taking shape within**

**a spectral present, to hover there**
**elementally**
**momentarily alive again.**

**As if time**
**questing becoming in its relentless transformation**
**extends now, into an abyss, so that even as the story opens**
**unfolds its presence from forgetfulness, it dies again**
**pressed back into the shell of memories**
**that follow you to the edge of your predication.**

**Transmission**

**45**

**Start with a cocktail, a potent mix, take a time s**
**symmetrical object, backwards, forwards**
**on an asymmetric horizon, on an asymptotic curve**

**how do you measure the dead**

**in the museum, super position in the crowd**
**hidden in the wires, ice, fire, core**
**in the furnace at the centre of the earth?**

**But things aren't always what they're cracked up to be.**

**Through narrow straits we wear different helmets in the battle**
**black out  at the shoot out but appear, to disappear**
**but wear different helmets in the battle.**

**On a narrow strip of land banquets display poison bouquets**
**creation myths, ruling powers, fallen deities,  sand timers**
**of our candle hours, primal desires**
**& first fears in narrow straits.**

**But now is belated, at least in the order of things, as**
**you ask who´s in the house, as you see through trees**
**convoluted branches, a house of stars, a spangle**
**of leaves that grow darker in their reaching**
**to unfold earth's fettered dreams**
**down wind in narrow straits.**

**But what do you know in the pith of the moment, beyond**
**your controle, the traffic, the entropy of history, has**
**transfixed you into what you are, about**
**what it is like, the state you cannot transcend**
**any more than let the world go, yet still**
**to be transmitted into a myth reborn?**

**Get you behind me, World.**
**46**

**The world is behind us**
**we emerge at its bequest**
**facing the emptiness of a future**
**of what will  or will not become**
**stuck standing in the wings**
**a voice over**
**to the fiction on the stage.**

**So make a date with fate**
**to roll the dice in your hand**
**it's the only choice you've got.**
**Is life Lady Luck, fuck no**
**she's one helluva bitch**
**you gotta bear the load you got**
**but never think your rich.**

**After Charles Bukowski.**

**Play with the world**
**let the world play with you**
**like the animals do, feel free.**

**We are hard on the animals, too.**

**Bundle along unruly old day**
**storm on the horizon, butter & gun.**

**A city in ruins, what matters the end**
**when we know not ever ourselves**
**there's no finale, the dream ends in death.**

***Ay, it's bitter cold and i'm sick at heart***

**Tenochtitlan.**
**49**

**Who is to say?**

**O Tenochtitlan, lake city**
**of floral rooftops, white washed walls**
**trim green gardens, aqueducts**
**& clean swept alleyways**

**that you should fall**

**to ruin**
**to *colossal wreck.***

**Your God's cruel laughter**
**ruler of havoc, chaos, destruction**
**that final mockery**
**you knew too well**
**to shelter from**
**city of magic, bathed in blood.**

*

**Who is to say?**

**An Aeon**
**a fated sun in its fifth heaven**
**the prophecy must be fulfilled**

**when they came in their filth, their lust**
**to tread your sacred warrior**
**blood matted hair, immersed in feculence**
***en plein air* of unassuaged sacrifice, into dust**
**not a death of feathers & flowers.**

*

**Who is to say?**

**As you tossed your hapless**
**victim's corpse, gouged heart devoured**
**on the sacrificial stone slab, down**
**the great pyramid steps to the suffering poor beneath.**

**Your captive, who was your self**
**whose steps you'd rehearsed, unto their final agony.**

**Whose flesh, prohibitive for you, you must share**
**in scattered pieces on the base maize porridge**
**in your neighbours' clean kept homes**

**but not to the wretched poor**
**the phantom watchers, who must only crave for more.**
***** **50**

**Who is to say?**

**that you thought of tomorrow**
**that it belonged to the deed**
**what it was to be human.**

**Not so, your new world order conquerors**
**who raised to the ground & levelled all before them**
**until nothing remained.**

**Your conquerors, who thought only of tomorrow.**

**Will you be my Valentine.**
**51**

**Will you be my Valentine**
**enigmatic saint whom the Vatican**
**refused to consecrate, to answer me**
**one nagging question.**

**Either love is not enough**
**or we don't love enough**
**but how can it be one of the either**
**for if we don't love enough**
**love is not enough**
**& if love is not enough**
**how can we not love enough?**

**The Blooded Sky.**
**52**

**Darkness splinters the blooded sky**
**swallowing the once green landscape**
**into awful shadow, only**
**a solitary moon eye, caught like**
**a fly in a web, stares opaquely**
**down on this heart torn plain blazed in**
**in an infinitesimal moment of desolation**

**In the ultimate loneliness, playing**
**the game of not being more**
**than I am, or can be, in this time of limits**
**whatever they are, or will become**
**in the next observation observer landscape**
**of being had in the grand hoax - only the wind.**

**Solaris .**
**53**

**I'm out of the Station**
**out of the shuttle**
**perched on this moving**
**crumbling Mimoid**

**in its shimmering ocean**
**disintegrating**
**like an ancient city in ruins**
**like a Pompeii in lava.**

**Suddenly there's Snow's voice**
**in my brain, she's gone Kelvin**
**she's gone, she was just a projection.**

**The ocean laps at my booted feet**
**as if to anoint them**
**as porous stalagmites slide underward.**

**It's in my blood, but not my blood**
**our crystals are alien, i hear**
**Snow's voice again, like an echo**
**she was just a projection**

**& you, Snow, what are you, i yell**
**as the stalactites fall to dust – 'Snow!'**

**Decree .**
**54**

**Written by the Book of God**
**Yours Faithfully Anonymous**

**May its Tragedy never befall us**
**Although it most certainly has**

**According to the Decree of the Fates**
**In its final mockery**

**That History is a process of Social Evolution**
**Through Natural Selection**
**Heralding in the Dawn of Creation.**

**Landscape.**
**56**

***Everything that happens now/ is preceded by another now/ until they pile/***
***on top of what we hold in layers/ that hide how falsely we/***
***perceive the landscape to be.  Amy King***

**The eye of the mirror is vacant**
**to the observer**
**who on the threshold of ice**
**or fire, in the relentless transformation**
**of the moment**
**smooths out a wrinkle, on death's brow.**

**So singular is the dream of sleep**
**that forms in our brain landscapes**
**we wake from, but only to stars**
**while the face in the mirror**
**is more than what you are, in its**
**transmission of barbarism, civilisation**
**locked in a ludicrous embrace, onto**
**the indifferent oblivion of space.**

**Our memories in the dusk beyond, shuffling**
**in the dunes of time as ancient shadows**
**trapped by their helpless bearers, in a now**
**that extends only in its becoming, on this thin band**
**of sentience, an endless collage of cosmic landscapes.**

**Loneliness**.
57

**Suddenly, mid flight**
**halfway up the stairs**
**like a swarm of birds in the skylight**
**all the voices have gone**
**there's no one there**
**above or below**
**i cease to explain existence**
**to anyone.**

**Soap.**
**59**

***In the end people sit in their aura under the stars projected***
***by their own pulsating brains, by the phantoms of hallucinations.***

***Bruno Schulz.***

**All the world's a soap – who said that!**

**After last night's spawn, last night's porn**
**a catechism of captions, are you a robot, yes or no**

**There never was a primal scream – just**
**the inexpressible state lost to the world**
**which devoured it, left it with the bone**
**of a word, but string along, as we do**
**our soap, our beatific, white washed day.**

**Our hero enters the hall, all in the world look up.**

**Behold yourself Odysseus in your rags, your riches, where**
**eerie episodes replace bewildered miracles with a lust for blood.**

**You stand like a hulk to roar through the market place**
**to scatter it like a House of Cards.**

**Rif-raf always wore a happy grin, never a sham**
**it never wore thin, anywhere in a multitude of seven billion**
**even after they'd hung, drawn, quartered, gibbeted, split his spleen.**

**Strings of words, their beginnings, their endings exhaust fumes**
**on the highway. Found Language:**

**Shandy, Mixta, Coca Cola, Trin, Nestea, Rius, Fanta, Vichy, Catalan,**
**Pincho, Tortilla, Cola Cao, Cafe Solo, Leche, Irlandes, Vienes, Heilo,**
**Tostado o Bolleria, Pasteleria, Tarta San Marcos, Croissant, Relleno,**
**Bamba con Nata, Bocadillos Jamon, Queso, Lomo, Chorizo Iberico,**
**Lomo Iberico, Jamon Cocido, Tortilla Espanola. Sandwiches mixto**
**Jamon York con Queso, Vegetal, Variades de Pate, Especialidads, Hojal**
**Dress Salados, Minchico, Pizzas Surtitdos, Baguetpizzas, Sabado**
**Paella,**
**Regalo Vasos, Pompador, Expobar, Calvo, Casero, Pascual, Ballantines,**
**Cardhu, Jack Daniels, Magna, Colon, Bla Bla Car**

**A soapy day to wash away all the bubbles in the foam**
**to turn the video on at home and watch some sleazy porn.**

**Go pop with corn.**

**The wholeness of history is pure vapour**

**this space is reserved for you**
**constrained to be conned**
**for the rest of your life, 99.9% small time.**



**Invest in the lottery – a spanking good time**
**4 Russian anal machines, don't miss the next instalment.**

**The persistent repetition of fake takes on the apparition:**

**protocols of automata cellular, units of production,**
**units of commerce, are you a program, yes or no**
**or at least a soap opera, where we know we lose**
**where a computer doesn't know it wins, yet!**

**Headlines: Take away, Eat well**
**( a man's life is worth whatever he can pay for it)**
**carefully manicured grease paint.**

**National Hereditary Breast Cancer Heart Foundation Trust**
**relax at extra expense, turn on, feel good.**

**Yummy hut, Prezzo, Hobby toffs, Party turn, White stuff**
**Alpha rooms. Sandwich stop, hot & cold blood, Gift 4 U**
**if the universe is fungible is it munchable or crunchable**
**or is it fungible, munchable & crunchable?**

**Hold tight, for the night – Peaceful Funerals**
**Station in curve – mind your step!**

**Disposal day, paper shreds, tip raiders, death in a plastic coffin.**

***So many fantastic colours adrift in a wonderland.***

**Android mirrors: daily keep, terror make coursing through your veins, angels have more fun, get your discount here.**

**After the aftermath progress will be when everything is restored to absolute normality, practice makes perfect.**

**Pedestrian zone ends here – To Let. Extension by virtue of amalgamation.**

**In controle of the bouncing day, - ping, pong. O lost the dancing sunsets**
**pedigree  weather forecaster.**

**Find a filled in life – travel safe, polite public notice – give way**
**religion is blood, nation states go to war.**

**God is a projection of the ego, eye in the sky – bring God down to earth.**

**Chimp man on a flying trapeze, tight rope walker, sky scraper.**

**Enjoy your feeling of well being – deodorants – pure vapour – nice n easy.**

**In Bed.**
**61**

**The homestead El Caserio i Bizkerre lodged upon the wall**
**has a large gable's end symmetry, slightly**
**skew whifff in the canvass that encompasses it. I wonder if**
**she's painted herself from within to without**

**Where she stands now, a cut out dark silhouette, on a patch**
**before the facade of splotches, daubs of windows**
**doors, heraldry shields, terraces, hatches. Two doors, right side**
**sharp, left a blur but can i enter, what will i see**

**She knows she's concealed from me?**
**what will i find, dusty jars, a winding stairway, creaking**
**floorboards, a chest of drawers, which will i open**
**to secret treasures, but no, i am without with her dark silhouette.**

**What is that luminous blob suspended above**
**her head by almosr invisible silvery strands of arms embedding it?**
**All in the foreground, the sharp, the blur, paths**
**to each door, blotches of rockery, smudged plants, dollops**

**Of green lawn. Overhead, a red angle roof, in the sharp, crows**
**swarm in a blue sky, where it blurs, branches**
**stretch to entangle, notch the gable corner in weird distortion.**
**Beside this painting is another, a naked Madonna**

**A faceless oval she kneels, arms clasped behind her sleek black**
**parted hair, her armpits bared to reveal the taut**
**of her breasts, her curves in orange & gold dust.**
**Is it she who waits behind these doors?**

***When night falls the sea is a distant death***
**is The Bed that is a Tree *hewn from the stump***
***of an olive tree, drilled as a bed***
***post, as a mould for the rest, around which the chamber***

***Was built*, waiting for us to enter?**
**She is more beautiful than her painter & we know it**
**but perhaps if we enter together**
**the splashes of paint will be softer than our creaking bones.**

**Fatal Flaw.**
**57**

**Oil and carnivore, a fart in the biosphere.**
**What is given, what is not given.**
**Sleek cats, nice dogs.**

**Doth machine maketh man?**

**Here in the lush, plush green, beyond our controle**
**neo barbarian with feet of clay, *veni vidi vici***
**life spins on its fragile thread, here in the lush, plush green**
**automata cellular, where our unconscious mind**
**gravitates in wear tear to invisibility, to vanishing**

**while the brain rambles uncontrollably on, indifferent**
**to its bearer, who must remain to all that has been taken**

**but for its moments of deception in the nonchalant grey traffic**
**where we belong, as we carve up our multitudes, after standing**
**in the queue of anonymous crowds, seeking visibility, seeking**
**real artefacts from the props that support the scene, collapse**
**the role that we play, beyond our controle into the fatal flaw.**

**Notes.**
**58**

**A Pet of your Own. Italics. Tao. Lao Tze Ching.**

**Eternalism (Power in the Block Universe) After the absolute simultaneity of spacetime, where past, present & future are determined in a timeless universe, according the theory of special & general relativity.**

**Slick. Italics.**
**Bobby McGee. Janice Joplin**
**Phantom of the Opera**
**Dream within a Dream. Edgar Allen Poe**
**Baby Blue. Bob Dylan**
**Sinner Man. Sonny & Cher**
**Homo Homunculus. Aldous Huxley**
**Notes Towards a Supreme Fiction. Wallace Stevens.**
**Wasteland. TS Eliot**

**Cartoon Molecules. Tweedle Dum & Tweedle Dee. Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carol**

**Coriolanus. William Shakespeare**

**Outrageous Fortune. Hamlet. William Shakespeare**

**Ann Boleyn. (Thomas Wyatt, who witnessed, as a prisoner of the Tower for other displeasures, her execution through the gratings) Blame not my Lute. CXV Devonshire Manuscript.**

**Swinery. Cosmeston. Vale of Glamorgan. Wales.**

**"Saturn devours his children" A Painting by Goya in the Museo El Prado Madrid Spain**

**What it is like Suibhne. Suibhne Geilt mythical poet-King of Dal Araidhe. Irish prose poem The Frenzy of Suibhne. 9th century, anomynous**

**Under the Volcano. Italics. Empedocles disappeared in flames on**

**Mount Aetna, to confirm the report he had become a God the volcano threw up one of his bronze slippers.**

**Francisco. Act 1. Scene 1. Hamlet. William Shakespeare.**

**Tenochtitlan. Great lake city that for two centuries was the capital of the Atzec empire,**
**built by the warring Mexica tribes of the Atzec peoples & destroyed by the Spanish conquistador Hernan Cortes in 1519. Italics. Ozymandias. Percy B Shelly. Italics. Inga Clendinnen. Atzecs**

**Solaris. Stanislaw Lem**

**Landscape. Opera of Peace. Amy King. Cosmic Landscape. Leonard Susskind.**

**Soap. Italics. Bruno Schulz. Sanitorium under the sign of the hourglass.**

**In Bed. Italics. The Bed that is a Tree. Kim Lansky. Italics. The Odyssy. Book xxxiiv.**

**Fatal Flaw. Italics. Veni vidi vichi. I came I saw I conquered**

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